SAINT Peters Ten *Teares.*

Ten Teares of S. Peters,
ſuppoſedly written vpon
his weeping ſorrowes for
denying his Maiſter
Chriſt.

LONDON
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Iones, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop neere
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the Gunne. 1597.

An Intraduction to Saint Peters Teares.

IMaginarie Muſes get you gone,
And you of Ideas idle company:
That place your Paradice in Cetheron,
And call vpon the Nimphes of Theſſalie.
Reſtraine your haughtie metaphorick lines:
For reuerent truth your glory vndermines.

The Throne of Heauen is her holy hill,
Whence flowes the Spring of ſauing health:
Inſteed of birdes Archangels ſing her will,
The Temple is her loue, and peace her wealth.
O ſacred ſweete, and ſweeteſt ſacred ſubſtance:
Vnlooſe the Springs of Peters poore repentance.

And thou O holy Ghoſt and ſacred ſpirit,
Faire milke white Doue, vnto the meekeſt lambe:
The miniſter of heauen, the Lord of merit,
The gladdeſt meſſenger that euer came.
Infuſe thy grace ſo ſweetely in mine eares,
That I may truely write Saint Peters Teares.

FINIS.

The first Teare of Saint *Peter.*



Splendant morne, like day of resurrection,
that summons frō the graue of heauie sleep
Be witnesse that I craue a true direction,
that in the house of God my soule may keep.
But if sinne stay me from that sacred state,
Permit sweete Lord I stand but at the gate.

Come hands the obseruers of my hearts complaining,
knock at my melting bosome with your languish:
Awake my sighes to rew my heauie paining,
and with your mortall knell declare such language.
That when the Lord shall looke but from on hye:
He may beholde my soule is like to dye.

Sathan desired to sift, and thou to saue me,
then turne that louing kindenesse back againe:
Then shall I be assured that thou wilt haue me,
come tell my Teares that trickle downe like raine.
Oh were the Cocke to crowe, I would not faine,
But dye with thee, and not deny thy name.

S. Peters ten teares.

Oh when I ſaw thy pierſing eyes looke back,
The wonders of my leaſt miſtruſtfull hart:
My toſſed ſoule did ſuffer ſuch a wracke,
That flawes and gaſtes did rent my ſoule apart.
And then ſuch ſtormes of teares began to riſe,
As open firſt the ſludgates of mine eyes.

I did not onely ſay I knew thee not,
But (Lord) I did forſweare thy bleſſed name:
Which is vnto my conſcience ſuch a blot,
That in my forhead ſtands an endleſſe ſtaine.
O coward ſeruant waſt aduaunſt ſo hye.
And yet thy louing maiſter didſt deny.

Pilate did waſh his hands as free from bloud,
Iudas reſtord the pence and did repent him:
Both they within thy ſight condemned ſtood,
Oh *Peter* then what booteth thy repenting.
Yes, yes, when I had ſinned, I went and wept,
And that as ſacrifice thou didſt accept.

FINIS.

The ſecond Teare.

COme night the ſable garment of a ſinner,
Which euery pure repentant heart puts on:

S. Peters ten Teares.

Of true contrition thou wast first beginner,
thy meekenes is apparrell fit to mourne.
Thou art a secret chamber to the wise,
Where they may sweetly wet their brinish eyes.

Here is no prospect to betray the soule,
or to seduce the minde of him that prayes:
Now vaine corruption needs not to controule,
or fling into our sinnes secure delayes,
Downe knees, vp hands, weepe eyes, speake careful toung.
Tis dangerous if yee deferre too long.

O glorious starres, me thinks you are his eyes,
That staind with pittie to behold my paine:
All things are his that burnish thus the skyes,
his matchlesse selfe amongst them dooth remaine.
O then but looke on *Peters* lamentations,
As thou doost note the wickednesse of nations.

If I but sleepe I dreame of thy diuineneſſe,
O let me sleepe and neuer wake againe:
For once awake, such is our sinfull blindnesse,
wee cannot see the pureneſſe of the same.
Or els dissolue me I may euer dwell,
To view that beautie which no toung can tell.

Or let me els suppose I see the same,
Me thinkes in soule I see thy cheerefull grace:

As

S. Peters ten teares.

As if thou saidst, sad *Peter* now refraine,
I haue beheld thy teare bedewed face.
O Sauiour might I haue such comfort still,
Ile haue no other fantasies by my will.

Soft *Peter* thou hast many teares to shed,
thou art too bolde to challenge mercie yet:
Till thou art sure thy sinfull soule is fled,
morne, noone, and night, thine eyes must still be wet:
Then when remorse hath drawne thy Fountaine drye,
Thy God hath heard thy pitty moouing crye.

FINIS.

The third Teare.

SEE sweete *Messias*, see thy seruants eyes,
whom thou commandedst once to feed thy flock:
So bleared with the stormes of teares that rise,
and sighs which at my vexed conscience knock.
That Sathan would be moou'd to pittie me,
That weepe so deepely for denying thee.

Weepe *Peter*, weepe, as fast as bloud did spring,
from forth the gashly wound of Iesus side:
And with thy moyste repent wet euery thing,
that by thy kneeling passion doth abide.
And for the nayles that in his hands were driuen,
Stick sorrow in thy heart that may be riuen.

False

S. Peters ten teares,

Falſe heart, why didſt thou make my toung to ſpeake,
and tempt it to deny my Sauiour ſo:
With penitence I doo commaund thee breake,
and toung thou muſt pronounce thy ſelfe a woe.
But that thou knoweſt when *Adam* eate the fruite:
Thy God was wrath becauſe he found him mute.

But ſince thou woundeſt him that wounded vs,
and tread vpon the Serpents ſpightfull head:
Thy force that fiendfull malice did diſcuſſe,
and all thy ſaints vpon that ioy haue fed.
If for thy ſaints ſuch grace thou haſt regained,
I am a Saint though ſinne hath made me ſtained.

If not, then bring me to the pit of hell,
where I may ſee the merits of my ſinne:
And let me in infernall darkeneſſe dwell,
and yet I know thou wilt not let me in.
Thy mercy is ſo kinde, thy loue ſo ſweete,
That iudgement comes, and kiſſes mercies feete.

When ſhall I then approach thy heauenly ſight,
when ſhall I heare thee ſpeake with gentle voyce:
Then ſhall thy iuſtice do me more then right,
then ſhalt thou make my dulled heart reioyce.
Say that thou wilt but heare me though I ſtaye,
I care not if I neuer ceaſe to pray.

S. Peters ten teares.

The fourth Teare.

O Hearken Lord, mine eyes complaine to thee,
and tels me that my ſoule dooth ſeeke diſpaire:
Cloudes of ill comforts ſo incompaſſe me:
that they do guſh out their tempeſtuous care.
One ſun-ſhine therefore of thy mercy ſhowe:
My heart may turne from that diſpairefull woe.

Theſe lights like Comets ſhew my ſad diſtreſſe,
and blaſe my ſoules misfortune for my ſinne:
Hell is the moſt, (then hell there is no leſſe)
if once to faile thy ſacred grace begin.
O *Peter*, firſt fall flat vpon thy face,
And neuer riſe, before thou loſe that grace.

See how my ſorrow ſwimmeth aboue my teares,
in danger to be drencht in Sathans ſea:
Blow foorth thy mercie for my ſpirit feares,
no word but thine can make theſe waues obay.
Lend me thy hand, as once thou thoughtſt no ſcorne:
When *Peter* was in danger of a ſtorme.

Looke ruthefull on the ſhipwrack of my heart,
where not a tackling nor a ſtring is left:

The Cabbins and the Maſt, a ſunder part,
and ſorrow hath my hapleſſe Veſſell cleft:
Conduct me to the Hauen of my reſt,
where I may eaſe my ouerburthened breſt.

This ſea of miſchiefe hath ſuch Mermaids ſongs,
that chaunt it like the world to witch my minde:
And to my bottome ſuch huge monſters throngs,
that ſeeme to my beholding ſo vnkinde.
That I do feare ſome Whale will ſwallow me,
Like *Ionas* lot, becauſe he fled from thee.

But yet ſweete Lord ile be inceſſant ſtill,
Mine exclamations ſhall diſturbe thine eares:
Ile get me to ſome mountaine or ſome hill,
and dew the barren dryneſſe with my teares.
So that to haue theſe troubles ouerpaſt,
Thou wilt heare me, and aide me at the laſt.

FINIS.

The fifth teare.

SIcke is my heauy ſoule, and gaſpes for breath,
for which mine eyes put vp petition:
Thou wilt not giue it ouer vnto death,
but grant thy ſeruant *Peter* ſweete remiſſion.

S. Peters ten teares,

Then ſhall I raiſe me from my weary couche,
And ſtill thy prayſe with prayers and teares auouche.

O Lord regarde my poore ſubmiſſiue minde,
that bends it ſelfe when others bow their knees:
Yet oft their hearts to wonder thou doeſt finde,
beholde ile bend when none but Ieſus ſees.
And like that *Mary*, waſhe thy feete with teares:
Who after dryed them with her golden haires.

I make no glorious ſhew now I do pray,
I blowe no trumpets with the Publicans:
But ſecretly my ſecret thoughts bewraye,
leaſt oſtentation bred my open ſhame.
Ile neuer weepe, but vnto thee alone.
For none but thou canſt helpe poore *Peters* mone.

Sweete *Bethlamite*, thou deareſt ſonne of God,
view thy Apoſtles ſilly hearts diſtreſſe:
See how I quake when thou doeſt ſhake thy rod,
and yet how hope doth lend me ſweete releaſe.
Then wilt thou ſay ſweete Lord as I do now,
That true repentance maketh *Peter* bowe.

Behold my waſted eyes, with weeping, looke
like Bladders, wet and parched againſt the fire:
I cannot longer view my moiſtened booke,
but out of order aske my free deſire.

S. Peters ten Teares.

But thou regardeſt the heart, and not the tounge,
For too much babling dooth our prayers wrong.

Faire Vine, thou bleedeſt aboundance for my ſinne,
O ripe Grape of life, let me but taſte the ſweete:
That I may haue my ſoule refreſhed within,
or let me ſhade me, if thou thinke it meete.
How can the brandes of hell once ſcortch my head,
If by that Vine my life be ouerſpred.

FINIS.

The ſixth Teare.

O Lord thou haſt pronounced woe to thoſe,
that early riſe to ſurfet and to ſinne:
When I do lift me from my nights repoſe,
like to the morning dew my teares begin.
And then me thinkes I well haue broke my faſt,
When as my ſhore of teares is ouerpaſt.

My table is thy holy Teſtament,
my meate the ſentence of ſaluation:
Which ſweete preſerues, diſpaire do quite preuent,
and feede my ſoule with contemplation.
He cannot ſurfet, that taſteth ſtill on this,
Nor be diſtempered with ſo ſweete a diſh.

S. Peters ten teares,

My company at this my reuerend feaſt,
are purged thoughts from all impuritie:
My hall a place where ſinne aboundeth leaſt,
amongſt my gueſts is free immunitie.
My mirth is ſinging hymnes vnto that name,
All knees muſt bend at, when they heare the ſame.

When I haue giuen due ſacrifice of praiſe,
then vp I riſe, and to thy temple goe:
There do I ſeeke out thy diuineſt wayes,
and walke where thou the ſeeds of loue dooſt ſowe.
That fruite I taſte of, which dooth make my heart:
Beare chearefull muſick in the higheſt part.

Therefore doe I view thy rare and wondrous deeds,
and thinke how dearly thou redeemedſt man:
Oh then poore heart how ſuddenly it bleeds,
as from a ſluice or conduict, ſtreames haue run.
Then crye I Lorde come helpe me from the ground,
Or I ſhall dye of this continuall wound.

But when mine eyes do ſpye this ſodaine ſmart,
they run as faſt as bloud did from my breſt:
In pitty of my poore tormented heart,
When ſinne dooth wound with troubleſome vnreſt.
Thus teares and bloud commixed both in one,
Are witneſſes of *Peters* greeuous mone.

FINIS.

The

S. Peters ten Teares.

The ſeuenth teare.

AS comes a crack of thunder ere it raines,
ſo now my ſighes do volly out my griefe:
Then throbs do ceaſe, and cares fall downe amaine,
do wet the ground, but bring it no reliefe.
And as an earthquake toſſeth trees and plants:
So are my vaines vntill my body faint.

Like beaten rockes my bones do weare within,
and make my fleſh to tremble with the noiſe:
That withered, pale, and wan, dooth looke my skin,
and hoarſe with crying is my feeble voyce.
O Sauiour Chriſt, if thou wilt helpe, helpe now,
And let not *Peter* breake, although he bowe.

O write my teares within thy booke of life,
the regeſter of thy elected flocke:
The place where mercy and compaſſion is riſe,
which opens when thy iudgement ſtrikes the clock.
And then, becauſe thy volume ſhall be full,
Ile weepe, till all my ſences ſhall be dull.

Come, ſeeke the wandring ſheepe, and finde me out,
oft haſt thou found, thou didſt delight in that:

I am

S. Peters ten teares.

I am not loſt though led into a doubt,
I feare the place whereas the Wolfe hath ſet.
Sathan is the Wolfe that ſeekes to keepe me back:
O let not one of Iſraell goe to wracke.

I looke to heauen with teares about mine eyes,
ſee the skye red, and thinke vpon the bloud:
Anon comes darkneſſe, and that the brightneſſe flyes,
that looketh like the iudgement of the world.
Vaniſh I crye, O let me ſee it bright,
Thy precious bloud did firſt bring *Peter* light.

That light ſhall be the guidance of my feete,
to lead me through the gates of ſtedfaſt hope:
Where I ſhall finde thy promiſe neuer fleete,
and of thy grace ſo large and wide a ſcope.
That I may walke and weepe a little while,
And afterward haue greater ioy to ſmile.

FINIS.

The eighth Teare.

COme, come, you ſlacke performers of repentance,
negligent eyes, tis long ſince you haue wept:
Let my offence be ſtill in your remembrance,
ſo ſhall your following courſe of teares be kept.

For

For though the raging ſea ſometimes ebs low:
Yet after comes a huge and loftie flowe.

And now againe I will begin to pray,
forgiue me Lord my ſecret hidden ſinnes:
Such as the ſoothing fleſh would hide away,
becauſe more pleaſure that corruption wins.
But he that feeles his conſcience free from crime,
Makes way to get his ſpirituall reſt in time.

Forgiue me likewiſe ſuch rebellious thoughts,
that moou'd a ſecret grudge againſt my ſoule:
All mallice which a carnall motion fraughts,
and like a Serpent doth his enuie roule.
And laſt of all, that ſinne which is not leaſt:
For which my weeping neuer will be ceaſt.

Powre out the oyle of comfort in my wound,
as thou didſt like the good Samaritan:
Binde vp thoſe gaſhes which thy mercies found,
then ſhall my life refreſh where death began.
Or otherwiſe, for wante of ſpeedie ayde,
Thy ſeruant dyes that hath thee meekely prayde.

When was thou woonte to ſtand ſo farre aloofe,
how ſuddenly haſt thou conuerted *Paul*:
O doe as much in *Peters* poore behoofe,
forget my treaſon in the iudgement hall.

S. Peters ten teares.

Let it ſuffice, that thou couldſt tell before,
The iuſteſt cannot ſtand without thy power.

Meane ſpace, Ile tell thy name throughout the earth,
that misbeleeuers ſhall repent with me:
Thy worthy praiſes ſhall not ſuffer death,
but Turkes and Infidels ſhall truſt in thee.
From Eaſt, to Weſt, all ſoules ſhall humbly kneele:
That by my teaching ſhall thy mercy feele.

FINIS.

The ninth Teare:

WHere is thy mercie which exceedes thy power,
great interceſſor for the ſinnes of man:
The one thy arme oppreſſeth euery hower,
O let the other fall as thick as ſand.
Our ſinnes abound ſo much: thy mercie more:
Els ſhall I thinke thou wilt me not reſtore.

The wicked flouriſh like the freſheſt Baye,
and they are counted for the happieſt men:
But I am laught at, who do dayly pray,
if *Peter* ſhould deſpaire (ſweete Lord how then)
To ſee that they which neuer thinke on thee:
Spend out their dayes in chiefe proſperitie.

But

But Lord I do foreſee the end of thoſe,
thou wilt be deafe when they ſhall call to thee:
I ſhall be heard before mine eyes do cloſe,
O gracious God, that is enough for mee.
But they when as thy helpe ſhall moſt require,
Shall dye with blindneſſe of their ill deſire.

Their heauen is earth, my earth is onely hell,
their ioy is riches, mine thy ſauing health:
That which all ioy and gladneſſe dooth excell,
the bodies treaſure, and the ſoules rich wealth.
O let me once poſſeſſe that ioyfull place,
And ſeperate me from their ſinfull race.

Here is nothing but the deadly ſinnes of ſhame,
that like a Serpent ſpitteth venome foorth.
They which comes neare them, haue the like defame,
ſo are thy choſen held like them in worth.
Wipe Lord this wicked ſlaunder from thine owne:
And haſt vs quickly to thy heauenly throne.

Then ſhall we looke on earthly vanities,
and loath that we did euer liue therein:
Pitty the worlds accurſt calamities,
when we are chang'd from that we once had beene.
Then ſhall thy ſeruant *Peter* weepe no more:
Becauſe of heauenly things he taſtes ſuch ſtore.

FINIS.

S. Peters ten teares,

The tenth Teare:

WHat comfort dooth my ſoule begin to feele,
euen like a wanderer in the wilderneſſe:
That findes no way his paſſage to reueale,
when as his ſoule doth taſte ſuch bitterneſſe.
That downe he ſits amongſt the ſauadge Beares,
And there bewailes his ſorrow with his teares.

But yet at laſt, conduct and led by one,
that with ſweete pittie dryes his ſprinckled cheekes:
Sayes, peace my ſonne, leaue of thy ſadfull mone,
he needs muſt finde, at leaſt that heedfull ſeekes.
So, taking him to guide him by the hand,
At laſt dooth lead him to a bleſſed land.

Euen ſo deare Lord, hath *Peter* found the way,
where like a Doue the holy ſpirit flyes:
Where all thy martyrs ſing both night and day,
and Angels in their Chriſtall armour lyes.
Onely by thee conducted to that place,
Where mercy ſhineth with aboundant grace.

Who would not ſigh, and ſhed a floud of teares,
who would not mollifie his ſteeled heart:

Who

S. Peters ten Teares.

Who would not from temptation ſtop his eares,
who would not from his wicked ſteps conuert.
Who would not day, night, minute, month and houre,
Pray to obtaine ſuch ſweetneſſe after ſowre.

Now haue I runne and woone the golden crowne,
the glorious conqueſt of my penitence:
Where by my Chriſt I haue ſuch high renowne,
that ioyfull heauen's my preheminence.
O ioy of ioyes, now (*Peter*) wipe thine eyes:
Thou ſeeſt thy beeing is aboue the skyes.

Where I ſhall ſee that bright illuſtrate face,
I haue ſo long time longed to behold:
O happy time, O three times bleſſed ſpace,
that euer *Peter* did his griefes vnfolde.
Now one drop more, and then my teares are done,
For griefe hath left me where my ioy begun.

FINIS.